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PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
DEDICATION
OF
THE LINCOLN LIBRARY
MASSACHUSETTS.
AUGUST 5, 1884.

B 8458, 2.5

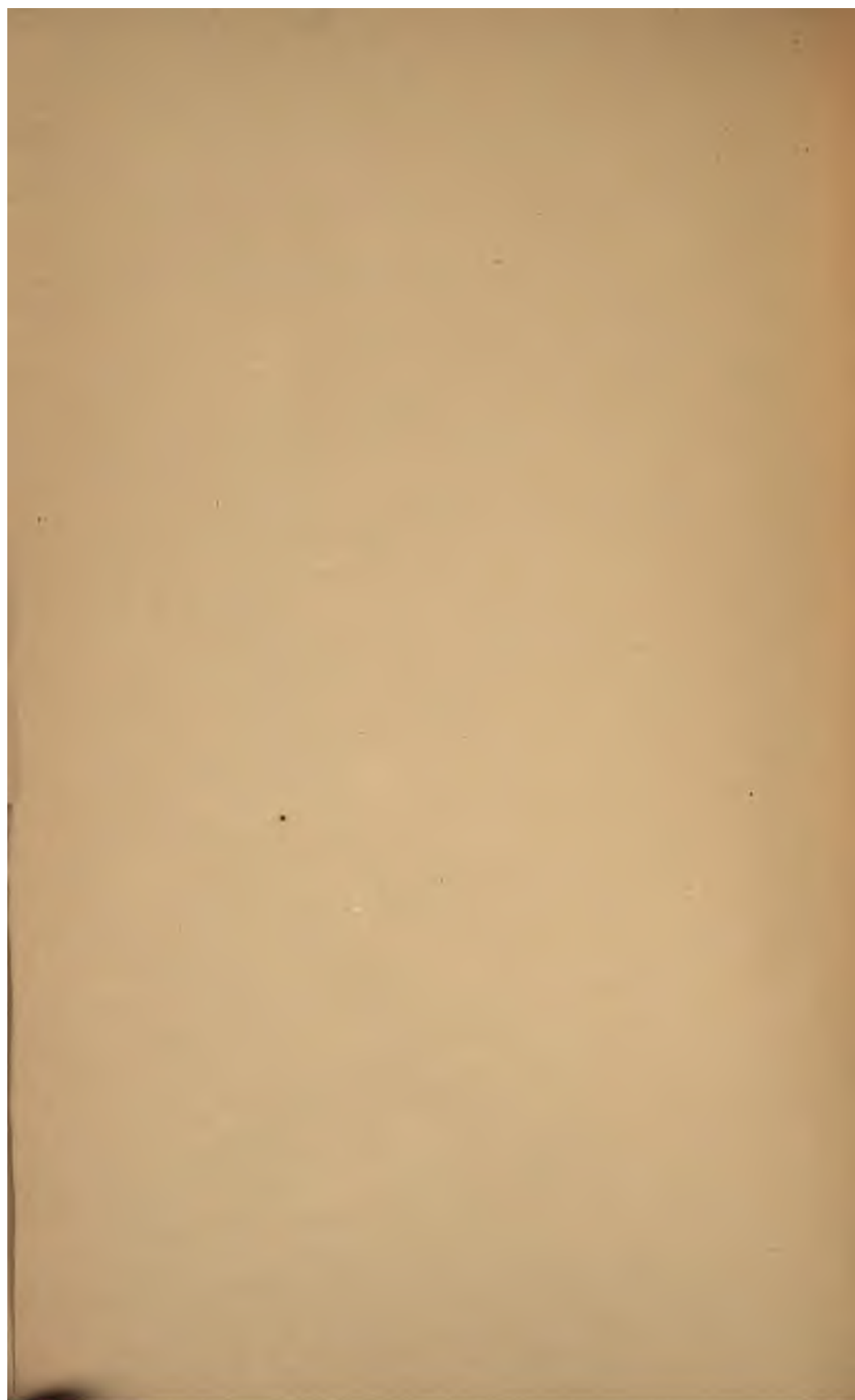


*Gift of the
Trustees.*

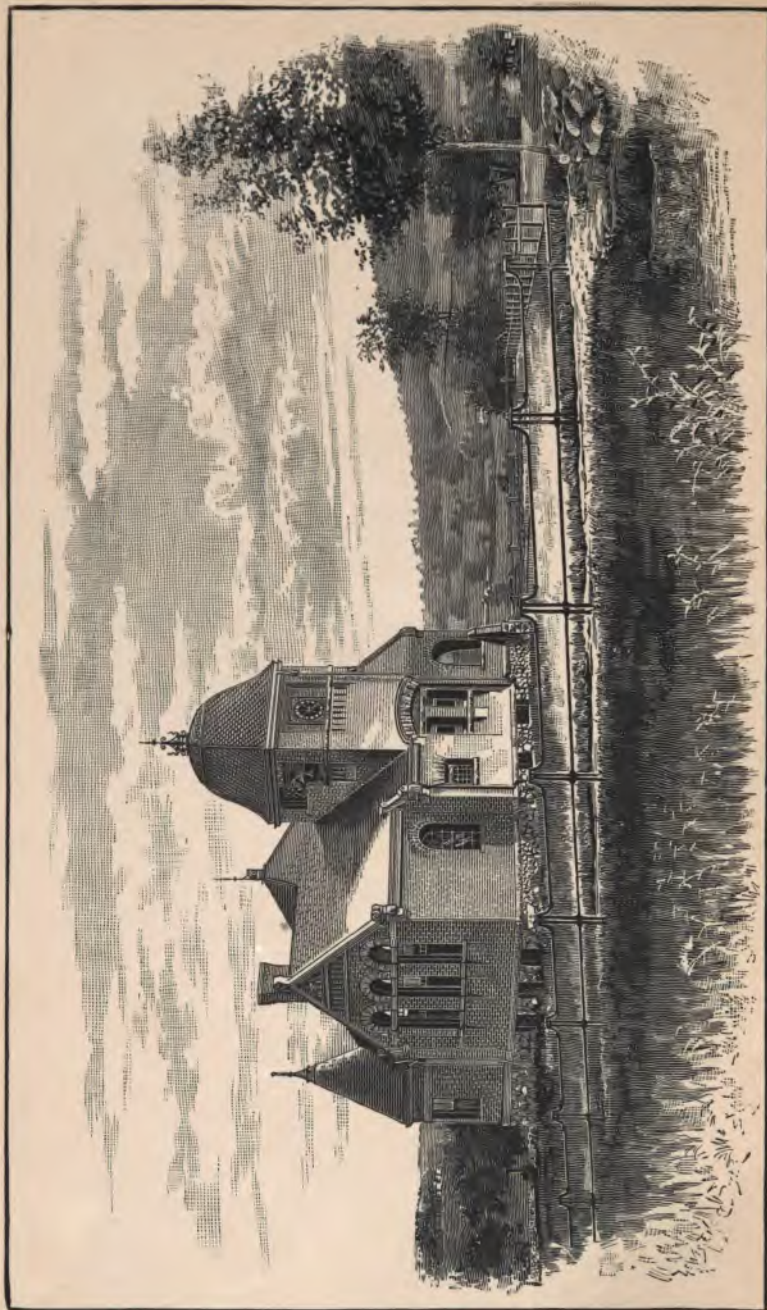
12 Nov., 1884.

With the compliments of the
Board of Trustees of Lincoln
Library.

Lincoln, Nov 8, '84.



DEDICATION
OF
THE LINCOLN LIBRARY,
MASSACHUSETTS.



THE LINCOLN LIBRARY.

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE JOHN F. BURNETT LIBRARY

OF THE MASSACHUSETTS

ARCHIVES

AND THE MUSEUM

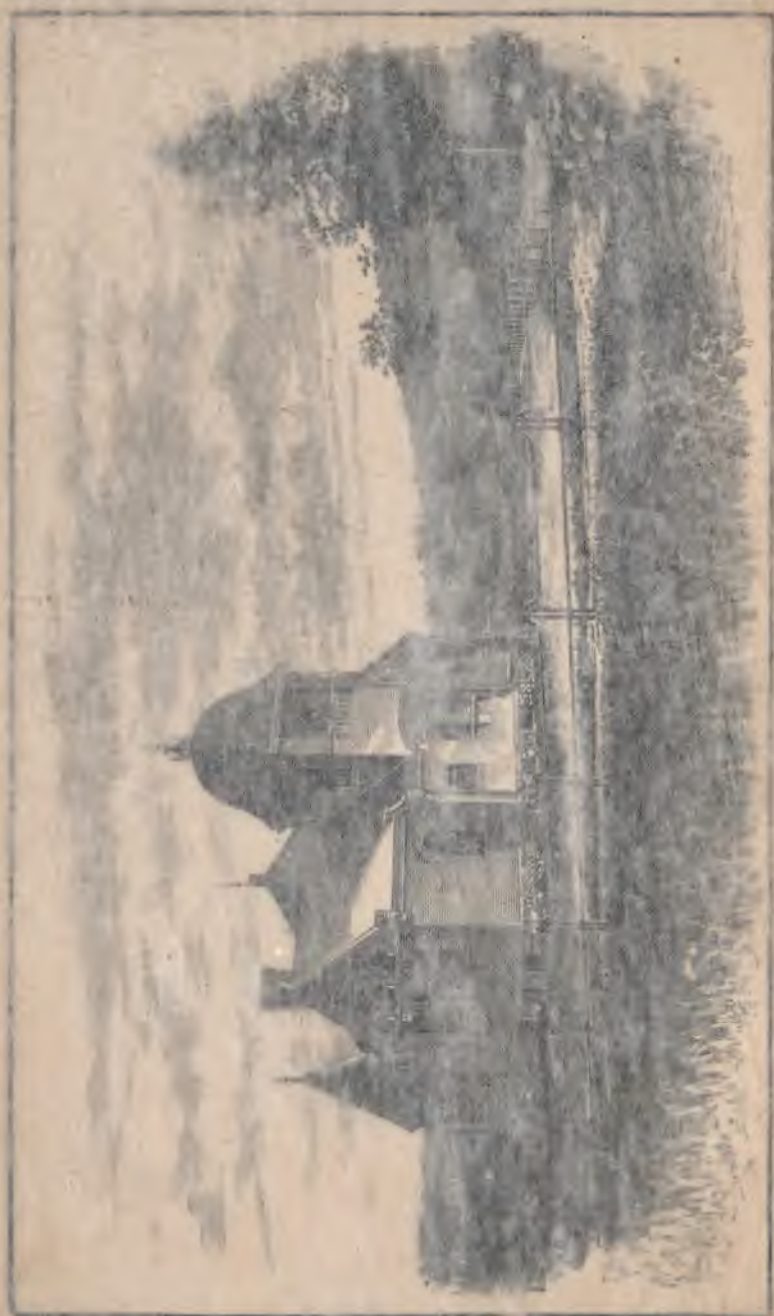
OF THE

STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS

HELD AT THE

STATE

THE LINCOLN LIBRARY



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PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF

THE LINCOLN, VLIBRARY,

MASSACHUSETTS.—

AUGUST 5, 1884.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

²CAMBRIDGE:
JOHN WILSON AND SON.
University Press.
1884.

B 8458,215

~~IV 11527~~

1884. Nov. 12,

Signed

The Trustees.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer.

By REV. H. J. RICHARDSON.

Presentation of Library.

By MR. GEORGE GROSVENOR TARBELL.

Acceptance on Behalf of the Town, and Transfer to the Trustees.

By MR. SAMUEL HARTWELL,
Chairman of the Selectmen.

Acceptance of the Trust on Behalf of the Trustees.

By MR. WILLIAM F. WHEELER.

Music.

Address.

By HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

Our.

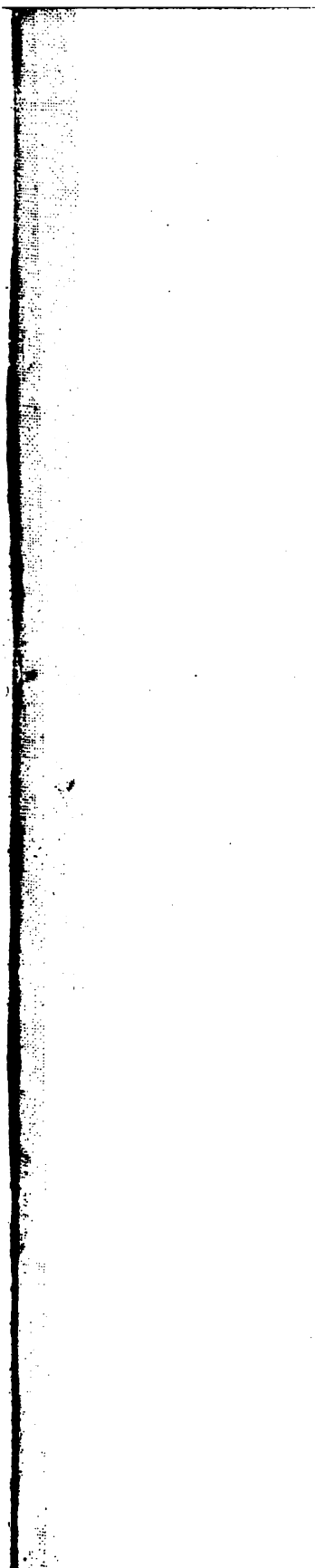
SUNG TO THE AIR "AMERICA."

Remarks.

By REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

Benediction.

By REV. A. P. PEABODY.



74

—





DEDICATION
OF THE
LINCOLN LIBRARY.

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAY,

MR. SAMUEL H. PIERCE.

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FRIENDS, — We meet to dedicate this building, set apart for the use of the people of this town, a gift from one of our citizens. Mr. Tarbell is a native of Lincoln. He left it at an early age to engage in mercantile pursuits, and after a successful business career returned to the home of his childhood.

He is now about to present to the town this beautiful building. It is thorough in construction, and will stand for ages in its strength and beauty, an ever-present reminder of him who gave it. With this great gift there are no burdensome restrictions. It is a full, free offering of love to this people; and those into whose charge it is to be given have responsible duties to perform. They are responsible not only for the faithful discharge of the trust reposed in them, but also for the strict observance of the wishes of the giver. For this gift, sir [turning to the donor], and for all the good that will come from it in the future, you have the gratitude and affection of your fellow-citizens.

ADDRESS.

BY MR. GEORGE GROSVENOR TARBELL.

INHABITANTS OF LINCOLN, — I now transfer to you this Library building and land, in accordance with the offer made and accepted some months ago. I need give you no description of the former ; for you have, with me, earnestly watched its erection from foundation to completion. After careful investigation of the general outline of plans which experience had shown to be best for public libraries, I intrusted the whole matter to our architect, Mr. W. G. Preston, whose skill and taste are shown in the finished structure. The plans were submitted to several librarians, whose generous aid and counsel we cordially acknowledge, and no pains have been spared to secure a building which shall meet the present and prospective needs of the town. Time alone can show how well it is adapted to those needs. Should it fulfil my intentions, it would be perfect. In the direction where libraries usually need enlargement much sooner than their builders anticipate, — that is, in the book-room, — this has been specially planned with a view to enlargement without great expense, and without injury to the architectural effect of the whole. I wish to place no restrictions upon the gift, except that it shall be used only for the purposes of a library and managed so as to secure the greatest benefit and pleasure to those who use it. The town, collectively, has shown its appreciation of this new and permanent home for its books by a liberal appropriation for the current year, — a happy omen for the future. It only remains for you to give to the Trustees and Librarian that hearty personal

support and co-operation which are essential to the fullest success of any republican institution.

I would urge upon you the great importance of collecting and preserving the old records relating to the history of the town, which are in danger of being lost and forgotten. A town library is the proper custodian of all such historical matter. How few of us have any accurate knowledge of the facts connected with the founding of our town, or of the part—and it was no small part—which our people took in the war of the Revolution or in the still later war of the Rebellion! Yet what an interesting story it would make, growing still more interesting to future generations! The Trustees of our Library will see to it that all such records have places of honor upon its shelves, and that its doors shall always stand open with a hearty welcome for any contributions, no matter whether great or small in the estimation of the donor. Do not esteem any gift lightly. Every book and pamphlet and memoir is at some time valuable to somebody.

I appoint Mr. Samuel H. Pierce, Mr. John F. Farrar, and Dr. George G. Tarbell to be Trustees of the Library, in conjunction with the Chairman of the Selectmen and the Chairman of the School Committee, who are the officers of the town named in the deed.

At the dedication of a library in the city of Boston, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, —

“Thus, then, our Library is a temple as truly as the dome-crowned cathedral, hallowed by the breath of praise and prayer, where the dead repose and the living worship. May it, with all its treasures, be consecrated, like that, to the glory of God, through the contributions it shall make to the advancement of sound knowledge!”

We invoke the same benediction upon this our Library. But our little town, scattered upon its hills, differs so far

from a city, that it should be likened rather to a family, separated through the day by various duties, but gathering at evening around the family fireside. May this Library and its chimney-corner long prove to be the family altar which shall gather around it the children, young and old, who constitute the happy family called Lincoln, binding them more and more firmly together in the bonds of a common interest!

ACCEPTANCE OF THE LIBRARY BUILDING IN BEHALF
OF THE TOWN, AND TRANSFER TO THE TRUSTEES
BY MR. SAMUEL HARTWELL, CHAIRMAN OF THE
SELECTMEN.

IN accepting this gift in behalf of the town of Lincoln, permit me to tender to you the sincere thanks of each inhabitant. Very few, indeed, are the towns in this Commonwealth that are the recipients of such a beautiful gift at the hands of one of their benefactors. This noble building erected by you for the purpose of education has been an object of the highest interest to every member of this community. From the laying of the first foundation-stone to the last touch of the painter's brush, the work has been the source of very great interest to us all.

The building itself, substantial as the hills, is typical of the character and purpose of its donor; and may it be a lasting monument, always reminding the present and future generations of one whose heart's desire was to do good to his fellow-men!

Again I wish to tender to you the most sincere and heartfelt thanks of our entire community for this exceedingly valuable gift.

Having received in behalf of the town of Lincoln this Library building, of which we may well be proud, it is my duty and pleasure to transfer the same to the care of the Board of Trustees, of which you, Mr. Wheeler, are an honored member. Trusting that you and your associates and successors in office will always keep in mind and strive to carry out the high purpose and desire of our esteemed friend and townsman who has done so much in our behalf, I now present to you these keys, believing that all things pertaining to this Library will be so conducted that we and all who shall come after us will find great enjoyment in unlocking "these hoards of truth" at will.

RESPONSE OF MR. WILLIAM F. WHEELER
IN BEHALF OF THE TRUSTEES.

I RECEIVE and accept these keys, my dear sir, with emotions I have no language to describe, and account it a great honor to be intrusted with them and all that they symbolize. They represent yonder building, whose construction and progress we have watched with interest and delight for a year, now complete in every part and consecrated to the higher education of all our people.

But these keys and this parchment represent something else besides bricks and mortar, — something more enduring than yonder structure, however long that may last, — something better than carvings of wood and stone, better than rooms and furnishings of artistic taste and elegant ornamentation. They represent a well-devised and wisely executed plan of generous and thoughtful benevolence; the unbought and unsought benefaction of man to his brother man; the free

gift of a man blessed with both the ability and disposition to do good, gifted with an eye which discerns the best needs and wants of humanity, and graced with a heart which finds its own bliss in seeing others blest. They represent for us a better education, a higher culture, ever accumulating treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and an ever-shining light on the paths of life and duty and immortality. And they represent for our benefactor an enduring inheritance, — a treasure laid up in heaven, where memory never fails and knowledge never dies, where the generous deeds and noble charities of mortals are recorded in the Book of Life and treasured up in everlasting remembrance.

Saving always the free schools of New England — that precious legacy we received from our fathers — and our holy Christian religion, there is no other institution known among men which so reaches and blesses all classes and conditions of society as a free public library.

It is for this precious boon that we are here to-day to give thanks, and to honor him who has so enriched and blessed us. For this grateful service allotted me, the spirit is indeed willing, but the flesh and voice are all too weak. I would, my friends, I could in some fitting words pour out your thanks and mine. But, alas! to me do *not* belong

“ The grace of eloquence, or gift of song.”

I would I could voice the thanks of these young men and maidens and these little children, the most blest and joyous of all of us here assembled ; and if thoughts and affections and virtues and graces were only tangible, as well as real and abiding things, and I could go through this audience, as through a garden, and gather the joys which sparkle in your eyes, the smiles which beam in your countenances, and the gratitude which glows in your bosoms, and wreath them in

a chaplet on the brow of your benefactor, I am sure I should bring a sincere and grateful tribute and an acceptable offering.

But, my friends, we shall best honor our benefactor by making a wise use of his benefaction, by storing here the choicest treasures of wisdom and knowledge, by gathering whatsoever things are honest and pure and lovely and of good report.

And who can speak for these Trustees, new-born creatures of the hour, who have yet to learn each other's minds and the duties they are called upon to perform? We expect and promise to be faithful and discharge these duties faithfully, according to the light and grace God gives us. But who is sufficient for these things?

Ages ago, the heathen poet sang, —

“It is the beauteous heaven whence wealth and riches flow;
And what man gives, the gods by man bestow.”

Centuries later, the disciple of Jesus wrote, “Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights;” and we too, following the custom of ages, the example of apostle and poet, recognize the source whence all our blessings flow. Thanks be to God, who hath put it into the heart of his servant to build this fair temple of knowledge, and bestow it upon us and our children and our children's children. Thanks be to God for the giver of the gift, for his long life of industry and enterprise; thanks that when he had conquered in the battle of life, he returned to these hills, where he first saw the light of the sun and where his youth was trained in wisdom and virtue, to bless us with his wealth and hear the plaudits of a grateful community; thanks that he still walks amongst us. And thanks be to God for the gift of the giver, for the strength and solidity of this structure, for the beauty and

fair proportions of the building, and for its perfect adaptation to the purpose for which it was designed. No other building in our midst could so adorn our village, so exalt and bless all its people; and no monument in the churchyard, though built of marble and towering to the clouds, could so long or so well perpetuate and honor his memory.

ADDRESS.

BY HON. GEORGE F. HOAR.

I ACCOUNT it a great honor that my friend and kinsman should have assigned me a part in an occasion of so much importance in the history of this ancient town. I am not wholly without title to share in this celebration. A good portion of my childhood was spent in Lincoln. Here many of my kindred were born and dwell; here the dust of many of them reposes.

Lincoln is one of the smaller towns of the Commonwealth. Her people have been devoted to one pursuit. But she is an example of a class of communities, not very numerous, who have filled a very important place in history. From the little nest of thirty New England towns, of which Watertown is about the centre, more than one third of the people of the United States, according to Dr. Palfrey, are descended. The form of government, both for State and Church, which our ancestors planted here, is the simplest and cheapest known among men. But how permanent it has been! Since the Wheelers and Brookses and Flints and Garfields and Farrars and their neighbors, among your first settlers, cleared the fields which in some instances their descendants now till, the map of Europe has been many times changed. Stuart and Orange and Hanover and Guelph have sat in succession on the throne of Great Britain. England has united with herself Ireland and Scotland, conquered Canada, settled Australia, and subjected 250,000,000 Asiatics to her will. France has been twice a republic, twice a monarchy again, and now is a republic for the third time. Belgium and Holland have been

joined and severed. The star of Poland has disappeared from the sky. Italy, after many throes and convulsions, has shaken the armed heel of Austria from off her neck, has banished the Bourbons, and overthrown the temporal power of the Pope. Hapsburg, Bourbon, Bonaparte, Savoy, the short-lived republic, and now Bourbon again, have successively held dominion in Spain. Germany has built up her mighty empire from sixty petty States. Yet during all this time the town and the parish abide as our fathers framed them. The simple and cheap mechanism, of which no man knows the contriver, has without substantial change here performed perfectly all the chief functions of government "in simple democratic majesty." Your wooden churches could have been built almost for the cost of a single carving in the stately choir of your namesake that sits on her sovereign hill in England. But they have taught their congregations quite as well the relation of man to his Creator, and much better his duty to his fellow-man and to the State.

This little town has been a factory of men. In every generation its voice has been constantly on the side of freedom and good government. It has contributed legislators for the framing of laws, jurors for the administration of justice, who have brought to the discharge of these august duties sturdy Saxon principle and sturdy Saxon sense. The men who have grown up on these farms have had healthy and robust intellects, capable of being directed with success upon any of the pursuits of life. Two admirable scholars, — Stearns Wheeler, who died in youth, and John Farrar, — one of the strongest judges of the always able bench of New Hampshire, and one at least of the most eminent jurists and advocates of Massachusetts, were born here. They found the field of their fame and usefulness elsewhere, but the qualities that made them famous and useful came from the training received here. Our friend to whose generosity we owe the pleasure of this

day made his money in Boston ; but Lincoln made the maker of the money.

One thing has struck me as most remarkable in the New England farmer. He has always combined a character cautious, slow, conservative in the ordinary concerns of life, with an unmatched rapidity of decision and promptness of action in great emergencies. There was never a race of men on earth more capable of seeing clearly, of grasping and of holding fast the great truths and great principles which are permanent, sure, and safe, for the conduct of life, alike in private and public concerns. It is due to such communities as this that we have never had in New England what is called a populace, or, certainly, that what we have had of that sort has played a very small part in our history. If there be anything in our political society resembling the *demos* of antiquity, — fickle, unsteady, light-minded, easily moved, blind, prejudiced, looking in public affairs at what is petty, trivial, personal, temporary, incapable of permanent adherence to what is great or what is true, — you must search for it amid the effeminacy of wealth, or the scepticism of a sickly and selfish culture, but not here.

On the other hand, when great controversies that determine the fate of states are to be decided, when great interests that brook no delay are at stake, and great battles that admit no indecision are to be fought, the brain of the New England farmer has ever moved quick and sure as a rifle's flash. When the Rebellion broke out, it was a Middlesex regiment, made up largely from the small farming towns, that first went through Baltimore to the defence of Washington. When the news came of the firing upon Sumter, my honored and gallant friend, General Devens, dropped his papers, left his case in the court-house in the middle, and hurried up the street to find a company of Holden farmers waiting for him. When the alarm-bells sounded the opening of the Revolution, the

men of Lincoln were at Concord before daylight. The farmers whose dust sleeps in yonder burying-ground were up before the sun, ready to take their rightful place in the front rank with the men who have wrought great deeds for human freedom, — with the men of Thermopylæ, of Sempach, and of Runnymede.

The character the fathers of our small towns impressed upon their children has lasted through generations. They were faithful, and honest, and wise, in a few things ; they have been fit, and their children have been fit, to be rulers over many things. A humble gray stone in your burial-ground bears the name of a young soldier who was with his company at Concord bridge on the 19th of April, and who died, childless and unmarried, at the age of twenty-seven, on the 15th of the following August. His father, who sleeps by his side, and his grandfather were among the founders of your town and your first church. The race had settled here when Watertown and Concord were almost frontier towns. The generation of the Revolutionary time was represented in the male line by two brothers. One, as I have said, died in Lincoln ; the other helped to settle Westminster, in Worcester County, in 1770. The alarm of Lexington, in 1775, reached him thirty miles off, and he was on his way to the scene of action before noon. When the Rebellion broke out, a namesake of the young Lincoln soldier was dwelling in the far West. The blood of his patriot ancestors was in his veins. His being, his very soul, was made of fibres which for generations had been ripening here. "Who," said General Garfield, in his eulogy on General Thomas, "shall estimate the effect of these latent forces, enfolded in the spirit of a new-born child, — forces that may date back centuries, and find their origin in the life and thought and deeds of remote ancestors, — forces the germs of which, enveloped in the awful mystery of life, have been transmitted silently from generation

to generation?" To Lincoln belongs a large share in the fame of the great soldier who cleared Kentucky of rebellion, and was the right arm of Thomas at Chickamauga. No person was more ready to recognize this relation than President Garfield himself. Several times in the course of the spring of 1881 he said to me, "I want you, next summer, to take me to Lincoln." I had two letters from him in the last few days of June,—one sent from the White House at twelve o'clock, noon, June 30, less than two days before he was shot,—arranging to reach Concord on the 11th of July, "to spend," as he says, "a few hours amid the scenes of our national and family history." When Mrs. Garfield's illness compelled him to abandon his plans for a more extended New England journey, he retained only his purpose to visit Williams College, and come here, to see the graves on this hillside, and the house built by his ancestor in the valley. As you well know, he was setting out on his journey when the bullet of the assassin laid him low. I do not know how it strikes you, but it seems to me one of the most touching romances of history,—this young Abram Garfield, in arms on the morning of the Revolution, his deposition taken to send to England to vindicate the righteousness of the cause, and then dying, to all appearance to be forgotten but for the record on the cheap slate stone; and then, a century after, his name coming into the sunlight again, to be crowned with the highest honors of a great nation, and covered with the blessing, and praises, and prayers, and tears of hundreds and hundreds of millions of men.

You are met to-day to celebrate the addition of a new force to the educational institutions of this community. Three principal educational forces combined to mould the character of the citizen of the New England town in past generations. These were the church, the share in and responsibility for and management of public affairs in town-meeting

and at elections, and the school. I have no doubt that a farm is itself, under favorable circumstances, something of a school. A skilful farmer may be called a learned man. But other things than mere tilling the soil are needed to develop the higher mental and moral quality. It was said not long ago, by an eminent Englishman, that in twenty-five years of careful study of the agricultural class in England, he had never known one who was born and reared in the ranks of farm laborers that had risen above his class and become a well-to-do citizen. Burke says, in his "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity : " —

"In most of the parts of England which have fallen within my observation, I have rarely known a farmer who to his own trade has not added some other employment or traffic, that, after a course of the most unremitting parsimony and labor (such for the greater part is theirs), and persevering in his business for a long course of years, died worth more than paid his debts, leaving his posterity to continue in nearly the same equal conflict between industry and want in which the last predecessor, and a long line of predecessors before him, lived and died."

But here the responsibilities of citizenship elevated and ennobled the men on whose shoulders they rested. The townsmen had to deal with, understand, debate, and decide the highest questions of State. At least four times since the first settlement—in the Pequot War, King Charles's attempt on the charter, the Revolution, the Rebellion—has the very life of the State been depending. The Constitution of the United States was to be adopted or rejected. Four times within a single century, the whole principle and framework of the State Constitution were under discussion. When the Government got under way, our relations with England, with France, and later with Mexico, the annexation of Louisiana and Texas, the wars of 1812

and 1845, the extension of our dominion over California, the abolition of slavery, reconstruction, the establishment and protection of American manufacture, the subtleties of finance and currency, — upon all these, beside the management of the affairs of the Commonwealth and the town, the individual freeman must record his vote. To understand and help settle these questions was itself a liberal education.

It is not appropriate to this occasion to speak of the religious influence of the early New England churches. But they unquestionably had a vast influence upon the intellectual character of the people. The exposition of the old theology required and strengthened the logical faculty in preacher and listener. The discussion of the principles of religious liberty and duty fitted the people for the kindred discussion of political principles. Mr. Ticknor says that one of the most practically wise statesmen then alive — I suppose it was Mr. Webster — told him we should never have had the Revolution if all the people had not been for a century in the habit of discussing the Westminster Assembly's Catechism. The attempt, by human reason, to solve the sublime problem how to reconcile the freedom of the human will with divine omniscience and omnipotence made it easier to define the bound which keeps the authority of the State from interference with the individual conscience.

To one thing, especially, the congregation rigidly held their public teachers: that was the most inflexible adherence to truth, both in fact and in doctrine. The old virtue of consistency was held indispensable in clergymen and statesmen. Two inconsistent propositions could not both be true. Our old clergymen had their faults and errors. The deduction of their strict logic from the letter of Old Testament text brought them sometimes to conclusions which the instincts of human nature reject. But they, at least, believed the fact to be true before they asserted it, and the doctrine to be

sound before they uttered it. I am no believer in the alleged degeneracy of modern times. But the most alarming sign of such degeneracy is the prevalent fashion, for which some of our higher institutions of learning are largely responsible, of applauding sentiments without regard to their truth, simply because they are well said. The brilliant rhetorician, reckless of truth, seeking only for oratorical effects, — whether he preach the doctrine of assassination or seek to destroy the confidence of the people in their chief magistrate at a time when the nation is in a death-struggle, and men are asked to give her their lives, and wives their husbands, and mothers their first-born, — is followed by admiring crowds and crowned with consummate eulogy.

The memory of such a clergyman as I have described is still fresh in the traditions of Lincoln. Dr. Charles Stearns, a man trained in the best learning of his time, with his eleven children, and his salary of eighty pounds and fifteen cords of wood a year, devoted for forty-five years abilities fit to adorn the highest stations in Church or State to the service of this town. To him is due much of the high character which for a century it has maintained. I have often heard my father, who was his pupil, speak of him with affection and reverence. Some of the elders in this assembly will recognize his portrait, as drawn by the father of English poetry five hundred years ago : —

“ A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure Persone of a toun ;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche,
His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite ful patient.
Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,

In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
 And this figure he added yet therto,
 That if gold ruste, what should iren do?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust ;
 And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
 To see an unclean shepherd, and clene shepe ;
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
 By his clenenesse, how his shepe should live.

He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous.
 To drawen folk to heven, with fairenesse,
 By good ensample, was his besinesse ;
 But if were any persone obstinat,
 What so he were of highe, or low estat,
 Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
 A better preest I trow that nowher non is.
 He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him ne spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, but first he folwed it himselve."

This Library is hereafter to be one of the chief possessions and ornaments of this town. It will be an ever-burning torch. Nothing grows, nowadays, like a library that is well started. The rapid increase of Boston and of the cluster of cities that surround it will soon press upon Lincoln. The Library will be a great attraction, and will doubtless have great influence in determining many families to choose Lincoln as a residence. These libraries are not, as formerly, mere collections of books for the use of a few scholars, or to serve as luxuries for the harmless amusement of a leisure

hour. They are intended to place in every neighborhood the means of satisfying thorough inquiry in most departments of knowledge, especially in history, natural history, and the other natural sciences. No town can long maintain a high rank among civilized communities, unless it add to its other institutions a well-chosen library. This should have annexed to it a museum containing a complete collection of specimens of every natural object, animal, vegetable, or mineral, which the town produces. This, I trust, may be the pleasant and instructive task of the young men and women of Lincoln, within a few years, to supply. The farmer, also, should here find the book or periodical from which he can learn every discovery in agricultural science. Who can overstate the value to the youth of a town of access to a collection of books which makes exactness and thoroughness of knowledge possible? A young man at the forming period of life has his curiosity excited by some disputed or doubtful question in history, or his enthusiasm kindled by reading of some great deed or noble life. He determines to know all about it, to settle the question for himself. His ardor is damped by the want of some necessary book. He gives up the effort in disappointment. "See," says a great New England scholar, "how this operates. The American mind kindles with a subject; it enters on an investigation with a spirit and an ability worthy of the most splendid achievement, goes a little way, finds that a dozen books — one book, perhaps — is indispensable, which cannot be had; it tires of the pursuit, or abandons it altogether, or substitutes some shallow conjecture for deep and accurate research, and there an end."

But let us reverse the case supposed by the author I have quoted. Instead of the golden moment lost, the pursuit abandoned, or "some shallow conjecture substituted for deep and accurate research," suppose such an investigation once completed, the difficulty mastered, the actively excited facul-

ties gratified with the delights which come only of a perfect knowledge of truth, — will not, from that time forward, the mind so stimulated and so rewarded refuse to content itself with what is shallow and superficial? The character of the man's life will be determined by such an experience. He will ever after be found seeking for that thorough and exhaustive knowledge which will make him an authority to his fellows.

It is precisely this habit of conscientious, vigorous thoroughness of study which the leaders and teachers of a democratic community specially need. The self-governing citizen, dealing with great questions under the excitement of partisan or sectarian passions, is apt to content himself with one-sided, narrow, heated judgments, which the study of books, the quiet of libraries, converse with the past, serve to temper and chasten.

The library, in the new education, is to be an important adjunct to the school. It is to continue through life for many persons the education which the school begins. It is to occasion a revolution in the methods of the school itself. It enables children to begin at an early age the practice of original investigation. This it substitutes for the old fashion of learning by rote a few dry facts and dates, — a process which the whole nature of the child loathes; learning with immense labor what he forgets with immense ease. Let a teacher send a bright boy of twelve years to the library with instructions to report what he can find about the detection of Arnold's treason, or the capture of Stony Point, or give him John Sterling's ballad of "Alfred the Harper," or Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," and tell him to find the historic version of the occurrence; or require him to find how many varieties of a certain species of bird can be found in Lincoln, and their names and habits, and you will have waked up a capacity which otherwise would often slumber through life.

Mr. Green, the accomplished head of the Free Public Library in my own city, has inaugurated a system of use of

the Library in connection with the public schools which has attracted attention and imitation in England and France. This system is set forth in his little book entitled "Libraries and Schools," and in the proceedings of the National Convention of Librarians, and will, undoubtedly, not escape the attention of the officers who shall have charge of your Library and your schools.

This occasion should not pass without some remembrance of a former benefactor of the town. Mrs. Eliza Farrar, by a codicil to her will, dated October 21, 1869, and admitted to probate July 19, 1870, made this bequest: "All the rest of my library I give and bequeath to the inhabitants of Lincoln, in the county of Middlesex and State of Massachusetts, for the purpose of forming part of a public library for the use of said town." She was one of the most accomplished and interesting persons it was ever my fortune to know. She was an Englishwoman, sprung from a wealthy Quaker family. Her life had been full of various experience. She was in France in her childhood at the breaking out of the French Revolution. The family made their escape to England, where she had opportunities of knowing many famous persons, among them George III. and his Queen, Lord Nelson, Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, and many others, of whom she gives us pictures in that most charming of autobiographies, her "Recollections of Seventy Years." Her husband, John Farrar, was born in Lincoln, July 1, 1779, was graduated at Harvard in 1803, appointed tutor in 1805, and professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in 1807. He held his professorship until 1836, and died May 8, 1853. His first wife was Lucy, sister of the famous pulpit orator, Joseph Stevens Buckminster. He published twelve different scientific works, and was a frequent contributor to the "North American Review" and the *Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences*, of which he was secretary

and vice-president. He was one of a group of scholars, very famous in their day, who were the first to give to American scholarship a European reputation. The last years of his life were passed in great suffering. It is nearly fifty years since Professor Farrar left the service of the College. Two of his associates as teachers there are still living, who have kindly written out for me their recollections of him, which I know you will think worth preserving among the treasures of your Library. The first is by our illustrious historian, Mr. Bancroft, who, at eighty-four, lives in vigorous age. He has completed the great task of his life, and enjoys his well-earned fame.

1623 H STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, D.C.,
12 May, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. HOAR, — In reply to yours of yesterday, — I happened to know Professor John Farrar intimately well; for in my freshman year I occupied an apartment in the same house with him, and often used to visit him. To freshmen he gave no instruction; to the advanced classes he taught astronomy and natural philosophy. As a lecturer he was perfectly delightful, and, if we students were judges, the most pleasing and attractive lecturer whom we heard, — and we heard many. His peculiar charm consisted in his impersonality as a lecturer; he made no attempts at rhetoric, never indulged himself in fine sentences, never thought of astonishing his hearers or winning their applause. He appeared in the lecture-room with the implements that he needed to illustrate the subject he was to discourse of, forgot himself, forgot his hearers, and, abstracted from everything but the one thing he had to do, he did that as if for the time there was nothing else to be thought of. He usually opened in rather a low voice, speaking slowly, but never recalling a word, always moving straightforward in the sentence which he began, and after a very few words raising his voice and proceeding without haste, with an unflinching simplicity and propriety of expression. He had no ways of art to excite his hearers, but he himself was

intensely interested in his subject; and as he proceeded to unfold it, where there was anything important or very grand, he himself was suffused and carried away by the thoughts he was expressing; yet his manner was so natural, so true, and so full of the perfect mastery of the subject, that we who listened could see by his air of admiration or wonder, how much he himself was impressed with the truth which he was conveying. There was not the slightest attempt to produce an effect; and the greatest effect was produced by a simple, natural, unpretending manner, in which he allowed his own admiration for the truth which he was uttering to shine through the most simple diction and through the most easy, natural, flowing style of delivery. In all the lectures I ever heard him deliver — and I heard all his courses — he never said a word that was not directly to the point, and never failed in his slow and steady march to keep every one of us riveted to his words. If there was a gesture, or a raising of his head, as if in admiration, it was not at all the art or the attitude of an orator, but it was only just simply the only way in which he knew how to express himself. There was not a bit of affectation or effort, nor arresting attention by intonation or emphasis; and yet sometimes at the close of a sentence we knew from his appearance and a sort of inspiration that he was himself impressed with the grandeur of the law which he was unfolding, and that impression he knew how to communicate to us who listened and saw him.

He never was in a hurry; he never misplaced any part of his theme. The idea which he took up, he carried through until he had finished with it; so the hearer had never to look back or forward, but gently descend the stream of thought without effort, and, never having to retrace a step and never getting a step ahead, nothing was anticipated, and nothing left to be brought in out of place or season.

He was a studious man; he had a good library outside of mathematics. I was a tutor at Harvard College for a year, and, if my memory serves me right, he did not attend the government meetings; nor did he in my time occupy an apartment within any one of the colleges; he lived outside of the college precincts, and came in only to teach us. He was not a

man who sought or thought of popularity among the students. The feeling we all cherished towards him was not the usual like or dislike that students feel to a college teacher, but rather a consciousness that he was a man of even temperament that lived the life of a man of science. His dress, his manners, were all neat and nice and pleasing, and all marked by that simplicity which never astonished and never failed to attract. He did not marry till somewhat late in life. Though I was not where I could observe the courtship, I will venture to say that at least one half the courting must have been done by the lady herself, — not that he was wanting in sociability, for there was nothing about him of the recluse ; still less that he could have been caught by anything short of excellence. So you see his character. As he had not a creative mind, he left nothing towards establishing a permanent reputation, while no one could know him without being glad to be in his presence.

Ever yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The other is by Dr. Peabody. It is perfect and noble as a portrait of Vandyke. Dr. Peabody is incapable of exaggeration. Yet he is speaking of a time when the youth of Cambridge were familiar with the classic eloquence of Harrison Gray Otis. It was the meridian of Everett's matchless splendor. It was the period of the greatest ten years of Webster, beginning with the Plymouth Rock oration, including the eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, and the address at the laying of the corner-stone on Bunker Hill, and ending with the reply to Hayne.

Professor Farrar was the most eloquent man to whom I have ever listened. I doubt whether he was ever heard except in a college lecture-room ; but he delivered, when I was in college, a lecture every week to the junior class on physics or natural philosophy, and to the senior class on astronomy. His were the only exercises at which there was no need of calling the roll ; no student was ever willingly absent. The professor

had no notes, and commenced a lecture in a peculiar conversational way, very much as if he were explaining his subject to a single learner. But, whatever the subject, he very soon rose from prosaic detail to general laws or principles, which he seemed ever to approach with blended enthusiasm and reverence, as if he were looking into and expounding divine mysteries. His voice, which was unmanageable, as he grew warm broke into a shrill falsetto, and with the first high treble notes the class began to listen with breathless stillness, so that a pinfall could, I doubt not, have been heard through the room. This high key once reached, there was no return to the lower notes, nor any intermission in the outflow and the quickening rush of lofty thought and profound feeling, till the bell announced the close of the hour, and he piled up all the meaning that he could stow into a parting sentence, which was at once the climax of the lecture and the climax of an ascending scale of vocal utterance, higher, I think, than is within the range of an ordinary soprano singer. I still remember portions of his lectures, and they seem to me still precisely what they did in my boyhood. I recall distinctly a lecture in which he exhibited, in its various aspects, the idea that in mathematical science, and in that alone, man sees things precisely as God sees them, — handles the very scale and compasses with which the Creator planned and built the universe; another, in which he represented the law of gravitation as incident with and demonstrative of the divine omnipresence; another, in which he made us almost hear the music of the spheres as he described the grand procession in infinite space and in unmeasurable orbits of our own solar system and the (so-called) fixed stars. His lectures were poems, and hardly poems in prose; for his language was rhythmical, and his loftier utterances were like a temple chant. I do not think that I exaggerate in the least in what I say of him. It was a time when there were not a few eloquent men within the hearing of Cambridge students, and we never lost an opportunity of hearing them. But, so far as I know, my coevals in college agree with me in giving the palm of eloquence to Professor Farrar. I would add that in all the amiable and winning traits of character,

in all that enters into the formation of that "highest style of man," the Christian gentleman, Professor Farrar had the respect and love of his students and friends to the fullest degree. I was, before my settlement in the ministry, a tutor in his department, and was thus brought into intimate relationship with him, receiving his hospitality and witnessing his home life.

A. P. PEABODY.

A beautiful bust of Professor Farrar by Hiram Powers, one of the best works of art of its kind in existence, is in the Library of Harvard College.

I have known too long and well the modest nature of the giver of this beautiful building to venture upon any words of eulogy here in relation to him. I hope the day is far distant when such language will be proper. His neighbors will know how to let him understand their gratitude. He has certainly done wisely in determining to see with his own eyes his generous purpose carried out in his lifetime, and in so directing his bounty as to secure a return through many generations. Who among husbandmen is like him who deserves the praise bestowed by Cicero : —

"Serit arbores, quae alteri seculo prosint. Nec vero dubitet agricola, quamvis senex, querenti, cui serat, respondere : Diis immortalibus, qui me non accipere modo haec a majoribus voluerunt, sed etiam posteris prodere."

"He planteth trees, of which other generations shall gather the fruit. Nor need this husbandman hesitate, although an old man, if he be asked for whom he planteth, to answer : For the immortal Gods, who have not been willing that I should receive such good things from my ancestors and not give them back again to posterity."

After all, whatever any son of this town can do for it, he is but paying a debt; and the highest dictate of affection is now, as ever, the dictate of duty.

Fellow-citizens and friends,—it is no slight thing to be of a New England town. It is no slight thing to be descended from a town like this, with its pure and beautiful history. You are citizens of no mean citizenship. With a great price your fathers obtained for you this freedom. They not only cleared for you these fields, which they won from the wild beast and the savage, but they “sowed them,” as Jeremy Taylor says, “with that which shall grow up to crowns and sceptres.” The task of keeping and preserving these institutions of ours sometimes seems to me even harder than that of establishing them. When God sought for seed to plant New England, he winnowed the very finest of the wheat,—he chose men made docile to the teachings of political duty by their simple religious faith, instructed in the venerable maxims of English freedom, and trained in the severe school of adversity. What the future may have in store for our children we do not know. What luxury may tempt them, what irreligion or superstition may assail them, what new races may overflow them, we cannot tell. But I believe that the institutions our ancestors planted are to abide. Puritan faith, Saxon reverence for law, New England love of liberty, will leaven the whole lump. The church and the school and the town, which in their simplicity have outlasted so many thrones and kingdoms, will continue.

“What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent.”

This cluster of beautiful hills, the hills our fathers trod, for ages to come shall know the feet of their children. Their children shall gather here, in the town-house, in freedom and in honor; and the worship of pure hearts, uttered by free lips, shall rise from yonder altars to the imperishable heavens.

O D E.

FATHER, with bended knee
And solemn litany,
Our thanks we pay ;
Asking of thee to bless,
With thine own blessedness,
This joyful day.

We open wide this door :
Let Art and Science pour
Their treasures rare ;
Let Wit and Wisdom come,
And find a fitting home
In this sweet air.

Bring o'er the desert's sand,
Bring from our mother-land,
Parchment and scroll ;
Let our own country bring
Her choicest offering
For mind and soul.

We pray for him whose plan
Gave to his brother man
This "work well done."
Long may he live to prove
The gratitude and love
Of sire and son !

Ring out, ye Lincoln bells !
Echo from woods and fells,
Streamlets and rills !
Shout, shout, with loud acclaim
His loved and honored name
From Lincoln's hills !

REMARKS.

BY REV. EDWARD J. YOUNG.

I AM happy to be here to offer my congratulations and pay honor to him to whom it is justly due. There is a peculiar appositeness to-day in those words of the ancient law: "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man." We are glad that our venerable friend is with us, — for this occasion would not be complete without his presence, — and that he is assured of the gratitude of his contemporaries and of posterity for what he has done.

I rejoice with you, my friends, that such an addition has been made to the attractions of this delightful town. This is one of those "internal improvements" which is the more to be prized because it has not been wrung from the General Government, but is the spontaneous offering of private munificence. No more valuable or useful gift could have been bestowed upon this community, and by no village or city in the Commonwealth would it be appreciated more. A public library is a people's university, where the best minds of all ages teach, where the instruction is free to all, and where the elective system prevails to the fullest extent, so that there is unlimited freedom of choice to every person.

A German philosopher has divided books into three classes. The first class he compares to meteors or falling stars, which dazzle for a moment and suddenly vanish forever. The second class resembles the planets, which shine with borrowed light, and move in a limited orbit, and change their position to the eye of the observer. The third class is like the fixed stars, which are unchanging, and have a radiance of their

own, and belong not merely to our solar system, but to the whole universe, although in consequence of their altitude a long time may elapse before their light reaches the inhabitants of our earth. I do not believe that many books of this first class will be admitted here. I am confident that all of a doubtful character will be excluded, and that in this edifice there will be no *Inferno*, as that apartment in some libraries is appropriately termed, where such volumes are deposited.

Every family and individual in this place will be directly or indirectly benefited by this Library. The pupils in the schools will find here collateral helps to study, if only their attention is called to them; and after they have finished their course they can continue their education by making themselves familiar with the new works in science, literature, and history, which will be successively purchased. The public mind also will be quickened and elevated, and the effect will possibly be seen in the improved tone of the discussions at the town-meeting, and doubtless we ministers will have to preach better sermons.

It is impossible to estimate the good which will be accomplished by this institution as the years roll on. Benjamin Franklin attributed to the reading of one book whatever useful acts he had done in the world. A single work by a Russian novelist opened the eyes of the late Czar to the horrors of serfdom, and hastened the act of emancipation. Many bright boys in our country towns are cut off from the means and opportunities of intellectual culture. Thanks to the generosity of our honored friend, this cannot be said of Lincoln. Nay, it may be that years hence some future Senator of Massachusetts, coming back after long service, will recount the names of the distinguished men and women who have lived here, some of whom, perhaps, it may be shown, gained their first impulse to learning within the walls of this building, and afterward were enabled to go to Harvard College

through the aid afforded by the Levina Hoar scholarship, which was established to assist worthy youth from Lincoln.

Our friend is indeed privileged to be able to do so much for his native town, and to do it during his lifetime. I can conceive of no purer felicity than that which accompanies an act which beautifully marks the close of a long and peaceful life.

“How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who onward moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences, ere the world be past.”

He has his reward, not only in the praises of others but in his own breast, and I seem to hear from above a voice saying, “A good name endureth forever. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.”

APPENDIX.

I.

THE Public Library Building of Lincoln is, as has been already stated, a gift of Mr. George Grosvenor Tarbell, who was born in Lincoln, and was educated in her public schools. He left home in early life to devote himself to mercantile pursuits, and was for many years the senior member of the Boston firm of Tarbell and Dana. He retired from business in 1865, and since that time has resided in Lincoln. Wishing to benefit his native town in some substantial manner, he had made provision in his will for a sum of money to be expended in the erection of a Library. By the recommendation of Judge Hoar, his cousin, and Dr. G. G. Tarbell, his nephew, he was persuaded to carry out his purpose during his life.

The plans of the edifice were drawn by Mr. William G. Preston of Boston, and the building was begun in July, 1883. It was offered to the town at the town-meeting in March, 1884, and was unanimously and cordially accepted. It is situated opposite the Unitarian Church, where the roads from Concord, Lexington, Waltham, Bedford, and South Lincoln meet. The general style of the structure is a modified Romanesque. It is built of rough brick, with trimmings of reddish Longmeadow freestone. Broad spreading roofs, massive chimneys, a wide-arched porch, and a low tower are the characteristic features of the exterior. On the tower is a clock, with a bell which strikes the hour; and on the chimney is an ornamented

terra-cotta tablet, bearing in large letters the words, "Lincoln Library." The building is constructed with a view to security against fire.

On entering, an ample vestibule, with high oak wainscot and old-fashioned side-lights of quarry glass, leads into the Book Room. Here are shelves for about seven thousand volumes, and capacity for as many more. Above the book-cases and facing the entrance are three arched windows, with quarry glass of subdued tints, extending up into the higher part of the trapezoidal ceiling. In the spandrels are outline figures representing Science and History. The desk, railing, and other appurtenances of the room are made of cherry. The Librarian's Room joins the Book Room. It is commodious, has an open fireplace, and commands an extensive view toward Weston and Waltham. Connected with both the Book Room and the Librarian's Room is the Reading-Room. This is spacious and inviting, and has a high wainscot of oak panelling. The walls are finished in rough plaster, and colored with a shaded tint of lake. A deep, triple window at one end, with transom sashes of pearly quarry glass, is draped with olive curtains ; and the longer side of the room is broken by an arched opening in heavy oak, sixteen feet wide, forming a veritable chimney-corner. A wide-mouthed brick fireplace is in this recess, and broad seats, upholstered in leather, are on each side. Over the chimney-corner arch are cut in the oak diaper the mottoes, " While I was musing the fire burned," and " These hoards of truth you can unlock at will." Oak furniture and floor, oxidized silver chandeliers, and the warm, rich color upon the walls and ceiling, make this room very attractive. A bust of Hon. Samuel Hoar is placed in the niche over the fireplace, and an oil-portrait of Professor John Farrar hangs upon the wall. Both these individuals were born in Lincoln. The former was an uncle of Mr. George Grosvenor Tarbell, and father of Hon. E.

Rockwood Hoar and Hon. George F. Hoar; the latter, for many years Professor in Harvard College, was a member of one of the families who founded the town.

Throughout the day of the dedication the building was open for general inspection. The exercises were held in a tent upon the land between the Library and the Common, where a large audience assembled, many prominent persons being present from the neighboring towns. The assembly was called to order, at a quarter before four o'clock in the afternoon, by Mr. Samuel H. Pierce. Rev. Henry J. Richardson, pastor of the First Church in Lincoln, then offered prayer. It was hoped that Mr. Tarbell might be able to deliver the speech of presentation; but, although occupying a seat upon the platform, his health did not permit him to do so. His address accordingly was read by Dr. G. G. Tarbell, of Boston. The Chairman then successively introduced the several speakers in the order given on the programme of exercises.

The origin of the collection of books which was the nucleus of the present Library has been fully stated in Senator Hoar's Address. It should be mentioned also that it was owing to the energy and devotion of the ladies of Lincoln that the volumes bequeathed by Mrs. Farrar were arranged and catalogued, together with others which had belonged to former book clubs and literary associations. The services of these ladies were gratuitous; so that the annual appropriation made by the town for the benefit of the Library has been almost entirely applied to the purchase of books, and these have now increased to more than three thousand.

A society "for the encouragement and promotion of literature and useful information" was formed here in 1798, which was called the Lincoln Social Library Society; and at that time "choice was made of Rev. Charles Stearns, Samuel Hoar, Esq., Deacon Samuel Farrar, Deacon Edmond Wheeler, and Grosvenor Tarbell, as a Committee to frame By-Laws for

regulating the Society." When the present Board of Trustees was nominated, it was not known that such a Committee had existed. It is an interesting fact, however, that a grandson of that Charles Stearns (who is at the same time a grandson of that Edmond Wheeler), and a grandson of that Samuel Hoar, and a great-grandson of that Samuel Farrar, and a grandson of that Grosvenor Tarbell, are four of the five Trustees who now have charge of the Library; while the fifth member of the Board, the Chairman of the Selectmen, is a lineal descendant and bears the name of one of the oldest families who originally settled the town of Lincoln.

II.

LINCOLN, MASS., March 3, 1884.

To the Inhabitants of the Town of Lincoln :

I HEREBY offer to convey, by deed of gift, the land (about one acre) upon which I am now building a Library building, and the building thereon, when completed, to the town of Lincoln in trust for the use of all the inhabitants of the town, subject to such regulations and restrictions as the Trustees, hereinafter mentioned, may establish.

The land, Library building, and such books as now are, or in the future may become, the property of the town for Library purposes, to be placed in the care of a Board of five Trustees, constituted as follows : The Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, *ex officio* ; the Chairman of the School Committee, *ex officio* ; and three persons to be appointed by myself, which three shall elect their own successors in perpetuity.

In case the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen should at any time hold also the position of Chairman of the School

Committee, the town shall elect some other person to serve on this Board of Trustees until such time as the two offices shall be held by two different persons. Should any one of the Trustees appointed by me, or any of their successors, be Chairman of the Selectmen or Chairman of the School Committee, the Town shall elect a person or persons to fill the places of those officers in this Board of Trustees until such time as those offices shall be held by a person not otherwise a Trustee.

The Board of Trustees, of whom a majority shall be a quorum, shall have entire control and management of the land, Library, and books; shall make all purchases of books; shall direct the expenditure of all moneys received from the town or from any source; shall receive and acknowledge all gifts to the Library; shall annually appoint a Librarian and such other persons as may be needful for the care of the Library; and shall establish such rules for its management as they may from time to time deem proper.

If the town shall vote to accept the gift in trust upon the terms above set forth, I will make the conveyance as soon as the building is completed.

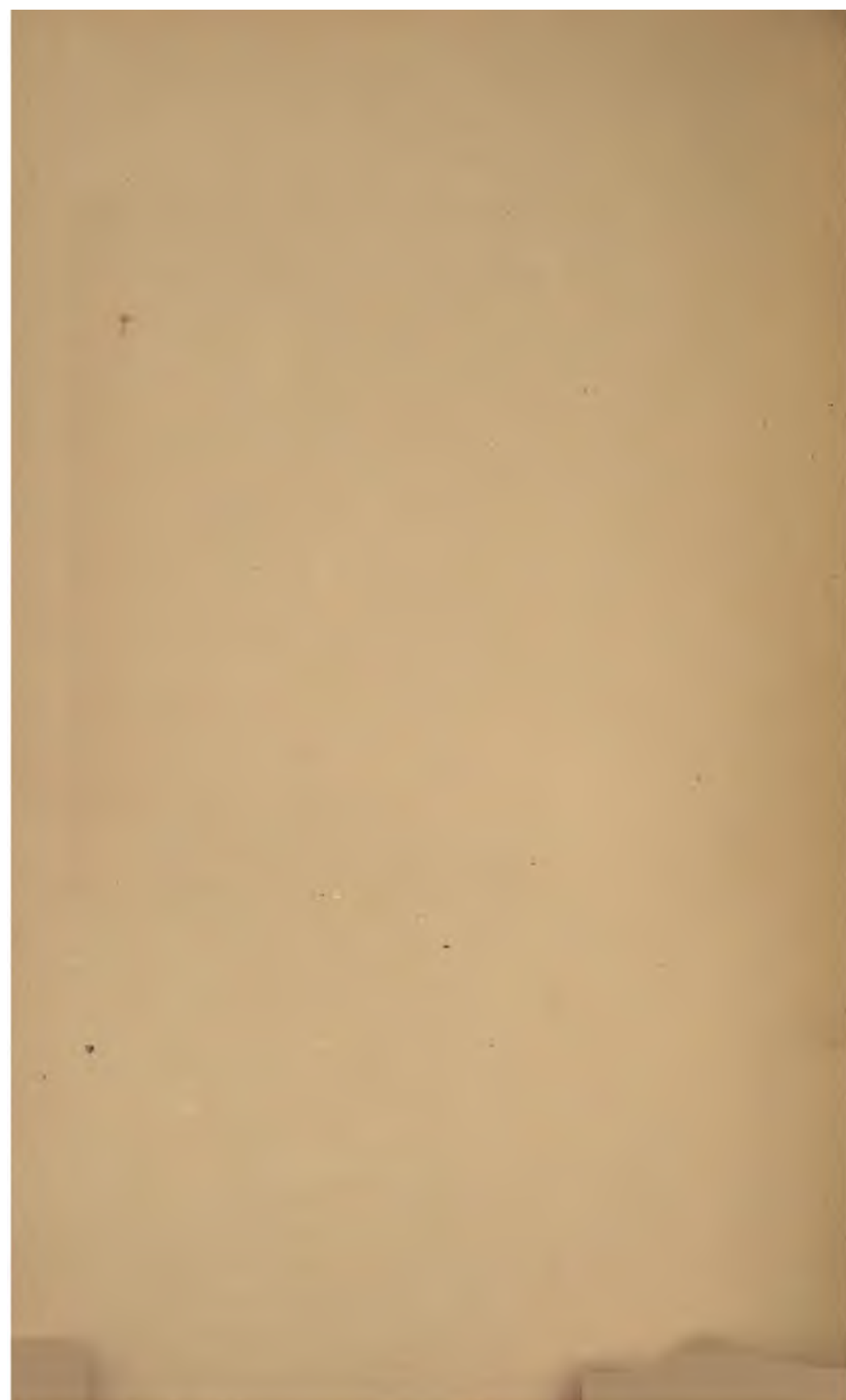
GEORGE G. TARBELL.

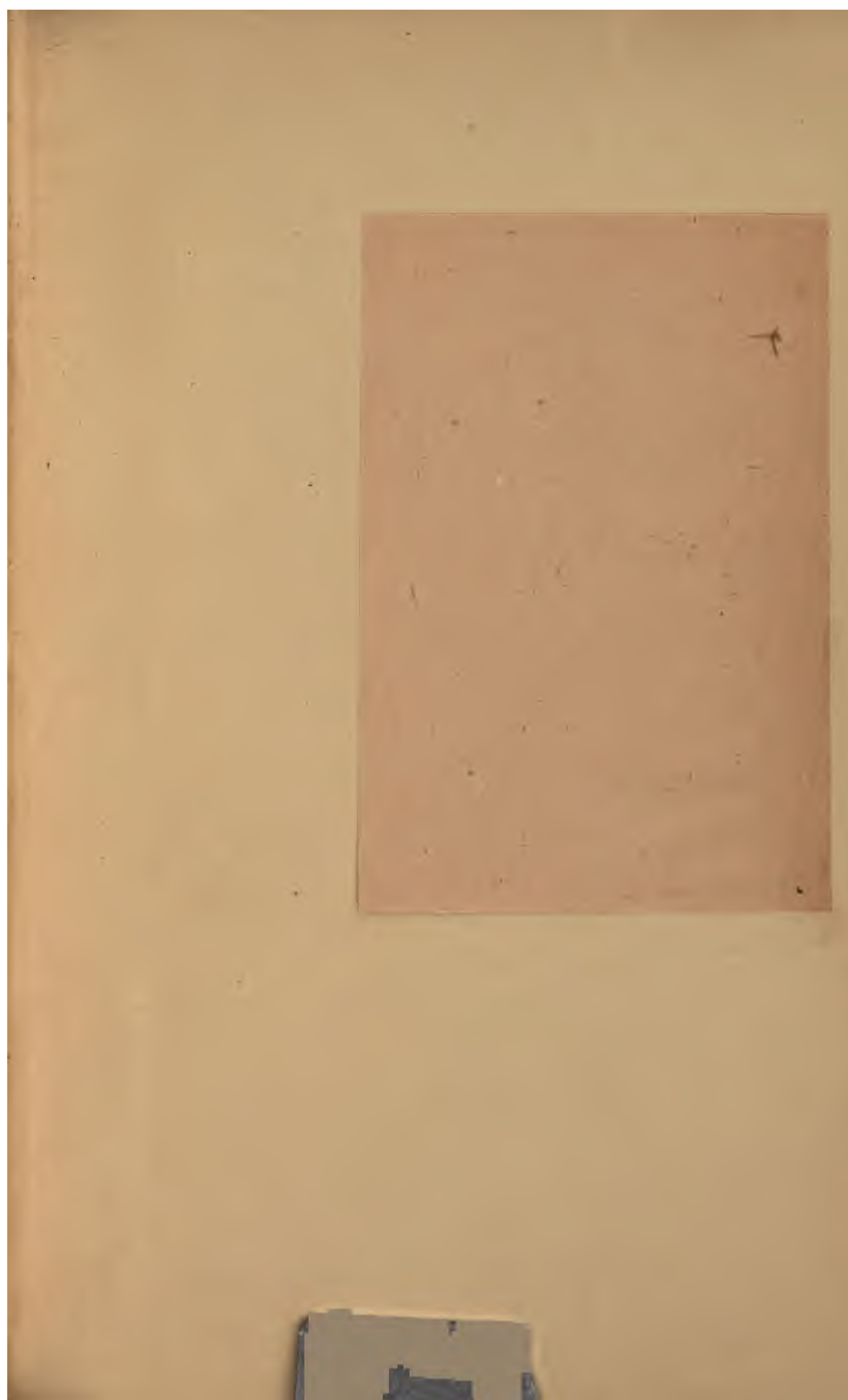
At the meeting of the town, held March 3, 1884, it was

Voted, "To accept the proposed gift and conveyance . . . to hold in trust upon the terms set forth in his communication to the town this day made, and that said communication be recorded with this vote on the Town Records."

Also *Voted*, "That the Selectmen be instructed to accept the deed when it shall be offered, in behalf of the town, and to place the Library in the care of the Trustees."







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Proceedings at the dedication of th
Widener Library 005792988



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